



SELECTION OF

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

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1 JESUS, THINE ALL-VICTORIOUS LOVE.

Hymnal, No. 518.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

CHO. No. 1—I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat,
I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat,
I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer.

CHO. No. 2—I can, I will, I do believe,
I can, I will, I do believe,
I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus saves me now.

- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow !

- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Spirit of burning come !

- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

2 FOREVER HERE MY REST SHALL BE.

Hymnal, No. 533.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

3 O FOR A CLOSER WALK.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
'That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 COME YE SINNERS POOR AND NEEDY.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power,
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

CHO.—Why don't you come to Jesus ?

He is waiting to receive you, [saved ?]

Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved?

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance—
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him,
 This He gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-ladened,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all,
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 It is finish'd!
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

COVENANT HYMN.

- 1 Come, let us the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord ;—
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

AND CAN I YET DELAY.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

CHO.—I am coming Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flows on Calvary:

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more ;
 I sink by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
 My friends, my all, resign !
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove ;
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou ;
 Thou all-sufficient art :
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart.

7

HE INVITES YOU TO-DAY.

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 116.

- 1 Sinner, come, will you come,
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 Will you come to his arms,
 He will cleanse every stain.

CHO.—He invites you to-day, Do not, then, stay
 away,

Blessed be the Lord ! He invites you to-day.
 Blessed be the Lord ! Blessed be the Lord !
 Blessed be the Lord ! He invites you to-day.

- 2 There's a work to be done,
 There's a cross you should bear ;
 There's a crown to be won,
 There's a glory to share.

- 3 You have friends who have gone
 To that haven of rest,
 Whom you promised to meet
 In the land of the blest.

CONSECRATION.

B. S., No. 14.

- 1 My body, soul and spirit,
 Jesus, I give to Thee,
 A consecrated offering,
 Thine evermore to be.

CHO.—My all is on the altar,
 I'm waiting for the fire.
 Waiting, waiting, waiting,
 I'm waiting for the fire.

- 2 O, Jesus, mighty Saviour,
 I trust in Thy great name,
 I look for Thy salvation,
 Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 O, let the fire, descending
 Just now upon my soul,
 Consume my humble offering,
 And cleanse and make me whole.
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
 Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood,
 Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
 A sacrifice to God.

FILL ME NOW.

Quiver, by per., p. 149.

- 1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit ;
 Bathe my trembling heart and brow ;
 Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
 Jesus come and fill me now ;
 Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
 Though I cannot tell thee how ;
 But I need thee, greatly need thee,
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness ;
 At thy sacred feet I bow :
 Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
 Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort ; bless and save me ;
 Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow ;
 Thou art comforting and saving,
 Thou art sweetly filling me now.

10 OH, TO BE NOTHING.

G. H., No. 71.

- 1 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at his feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.
 Emptied that He might fill me
 As forth to His service I go ;
 Broken, that so unhindered,
 His life through me might flow.
- CHO.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at His feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.
- 2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by His hand ;
 A messenger at His gateway,
 Only waiting for His command ;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will,
 Willing, should He require me,
 In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Painful the humbling may be ;
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing,—
 To Him let their voices be raised :
 He is the fountain of blessing,
 He only is most to be praised.

11

O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free :
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me ;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord of thine,

12

ALMOST.

S. of J. and G., No. 160, by per.

- 1 So near the door, and the door stood wide!
Close to the port, but not inside!
Near to the fold, yet not within,
Almost resolved to give up sin!
Almost persuaded to count the cost,
Almost a christian, and yet lost!
- 2 Lord help me to trust in the word to-day,
That thou art the Light, the Truth, the
Way.
Now as I come, with my load of sin,
The door being open, O help me step in,
How sad the thought that for me, at last,
The door should be shut and mercy past!
- 5 Saviour, I come, I cry unto thee,
O let not these words be true of me,
I want to come to the point to-day.
O suffer me not, to turn away;
Give me no rest, till my soul shall be
Within the Refuge—safe with thee.

ARE YOU READY?

Garner, No. 26, by per.

- 1 Should the summons, quickly flying,
On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
Lo! the Heav'nly Bridegroom cometh,
Would the sound your souls appal?

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
Should you hear the mid-night call?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Should you hear the mid-night call?

- 2 What if now the startling mandate
Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
Are your lamps all trimmed and burning?
Should the Bridegroom now appear?

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Now to see your Lord appear?

- 3 Is there oil in all your vessels?
Are your garments pure and white?
Are they washed in the cleansing Fountain,
Fit to stand in Jesus' sight?

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are your lamps all clear and bright?

- 4 Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no longer,
Lest the call your souls surprise!
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom,
When he cometh from the skies.

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
When he cometh from the skies;
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

14 ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

Whyte, No. 50.

- 1 Are you building your house on the sand, brother?
 To-day may be sunny and fair;
 But the morrow may bring us the tempest, brother,
 So choose your foundations with care.

CHO.—Let us build on the rock! ever build on the rock!

While the storms of life are raging, let
 us build on the rock!

Let us build on the rock! ever build on the
 rock!

Christ the Lord our refuge ever; let us
 build on the rock!

- 2 The house that is built on the sand, brother,
 Does well for the calm of to-day;
 But be wise in the sun of the present, brother,
 And build for the future, I pray.

- 3 The house that is built on a rock, brother,
 No tempest of earth can o'erthrow;
 While you're building, build safely and surely,
 brother,
 On the rock that is steadfast below.

- 5 Let the rock that you build your house on brother,
 Be Jesus, the hope of us all;
 The house built on this steadfast foundation
 brother,
 Will stand when the mountains shall fall.

15 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Garner, p 70.

- 1 Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold,
 I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the
 fold.
 In the book of Thy kingdom, with its pages so fair,
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, is my name written
 there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
 On the page white and fair;
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
 Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many, like the sands of
the sea,
But Thy blood, Oh ! my Saviour, is sufficient
for me ;
For Thy promise is written in bright letters that
glow,
Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them
like snow.
- 4 Oh that beautiful city with its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings in pure garments of white,
Where no evil thing cometh to despoil what is fair,
Where the angels are watching, is my name
written there ?

16

HAPPY TIDINGS.

S. of R. L., by per. p. 33.

- 1 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound!
Hear the joyful echo thro' the world resound!
Christ the Lord proclaims them ; Hear and
heed the call,
Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room,
room for all.
- CHO.—Whosoever asketh, Jesus will receive;
Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve;
See the living waters flowing, full and free;
Oh, the blessed whosoever ! that means me.
- 2 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say,
Do not slight the warning, Come, oh, come
to-day
Christ our loving Saviour, still repeats the call
Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Room, room
for all.
- 3 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! again!
Rushing o'er the mountains, Sweeping o'er the
plains.
Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's
call,
Come for everything is ready, Room, room
for all.

17

THERE'S A WIDENESS.

Epworth, No. 47.

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.—He is calling “Come to me ;”
Lord, I'll gladly come to Thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
- 5 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
- 6 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus ;
Come, but come not doubting thus ;
Come with faith that trusts most freely
His great tenderness for us.

18

I AM THINE, O LORD.

- 1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

CHO.—Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou has died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine ;
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
 And my will be lost in Thine.
- 3 O the pure delight of a single hour,
 That before Thy throne I spend ;
 When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God,
 I commune as friend with friend.
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know,
 Till I cross the narrow sea ;
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach,
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

19 WHO'LL STAND UP FOR JESUS ?

- 1 O, who'll stand up for Jesus,
 The lowly Nazarine ?
 And raise the blood-stained banner
 Amid the hosts of sin ?
- CHO.—The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
 Its crucifixion bear ;
 All hail ! reproach or sorrow,
 If Jesus leads me there.
- 2 O, who will follow Jesus,
 Amid reproach and shame ?
 Where others shrink or falter,
 Who'll glory in His name ?
- 3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
 And wild the storm may blow,
 Though friends may go forever,
 Who will with Jesus go ?
- 4 My all to Christ I've given,
 My talents, time, and voice,
 Myself, my reputation ;
 The lone way is my choice.
- 5 O Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
 My all-sufficient friend !
 Come fold me to Thy bosom,
 E'en to the journey's end.

20

COMING TO JESUS.

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 22.

- 1 With my sin-wounded soul,
To be made fully whole,
And thy perfect salvation to see :
With my heart stained by sin,
To be washed and made clean,
I am coming, Dear Saviour, to thee.
- CHO.—I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee,
I am coming, dear Saviour to thee :
With my heart stained by sin,
To be washed and made clean,
I am coming, dear Saviour to thee.
- 2 Oh, how long have I tried
To resist nature's tide,
All in vain have I sighed to be free ;
In myself all undone,
'Neath the waves sinking down,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
- 3 I thy promise believe,
That in thee I shall live,
Thro' thy blood shed so freely for me ;
To obtain a pure heart,
To secure this "good part,"
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
- 4 To be thine, wholly thine,
Precious Saviour divine ;
With my all consecrated to thee ;
To be kept every hour,
By thy love's wondrous power,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

21

COMING TO-DAY.

- 1 Out on the desert, looking, looking,
Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee ;
Tenderly calling, calling,
Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
- CHO.—Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling,
Why dost thou linger, why tarry away ?
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly,
Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

- 2 Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting,
 O, what compassion beams in his eye.
 Hear him repeating gently, gently,
 Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
- 3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading,
 Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet ;
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
 Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching,
 Long to behold thee safe in the fold ;
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 When shall thy story with rapture be told ?

22 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

Epworth, No. 87.

- 1 Holy Spirit faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side ;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land ;
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whispering softly, wanderer, come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whispering softly, wanderer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names were there ;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Whispering softly, wanderer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home !

23 ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

G. H., No. 90.

- 1 Are you coming home, ye wanderers,
 Whom Jesus died to win,
 All foot-sore, lame and weary,
 Your garments stained with sin ;
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus
 To wash your garments white ;
 Will you trust his precious promise
 Are you coming home to-night ?

CHO.—Are you coming home to-night,
 Are you coming home to-night,
 Are you coming home to Jesus,
 Out of darkness into light ?
 Are you coming home to-night,
 Are you coming home to-night,
 To your loving heavenly Father.
 Are you coming home to-night ?

- 2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones ?
 Behold your Lord doth wait ;
 Come, then no longer linger,
 Come e'er it be too late ;
 Will you come and let him save you ?
 Oh, trust His love and might ;
 Will you come while he is calling,
 Are you coming home to-night ?

- 3 Are you coming home, ye guilty,
 Who bear the load of sin ?
 Outside you've long been standing,
 Come now and venture in ;
 Will you heed the Saviour's promise.
 And dare to trust him quite ;
 "Come unto me," saith Jesus,
 Are you coming home to-night ?

24 I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 51.

- 1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

CHO.—Come unto me, come unto me,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest;
 Come unto me, come unto me,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
 hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
 pressed ;
 Come unto to me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

25

JESUS SAVES.

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 85.

- 1 We have heard a joyful sound,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
 Spread the gladness all around,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Onward 'tis our Lord's command,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
 Tell to sinners, far and wide,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
 Sing, ye islands of the sea,
 Echo back, ye ocean caves,
 Earth shall keep her jubilee,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
- 3 Sing above the battle's strife,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
 By his death and endless life,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
 Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves,
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

Garner, p. 60.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,
 Unless thou help me I must die ;
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am !

CHO.—Take me as I am,
 Take me as I am ;
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
 But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt,
 But take me as I am !
- 3 No preparation can I make,
 My best resolves I only break,
 Yet save me for thine own name's sake,
 And take me as I am !
- 4 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
 Thy full salvation I would prove ;
 But since to thee I cannot move,
 Oh, take me as I am !
- 5 If thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me too,
 But take me as I am !
- 6 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 Lord, take me as I am !

JUST AS I AM.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

I'M BELIEVING.

- 1 Jesus to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid ;
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- CHO.—I'm believing, I'm believing,
Believing now in the Lord ;
I'm believing, and receiving,
Salvation through his blood.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid ;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee I will depend,
'Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

29

SEND THE POWER.

- 1 Jesus Christ is my Redeemer,
 Jesus Christ is my Redeemer,
 Jesus Christ is my Redeemer,

CHO.—His dying brought the pow'r.
 Send the pow'r, precious pow'r,
 Send the pow'r Jesus promised
 should come down ;
 Send it now, send it now,
 Send the pow'r Jesus promised
 should come down.

- 2 He gave his life to save me,
 He gave his life to save me,
 He gave his life to save me,
- 3 And by his grace I triumph,
 And by his grace I triumph,
 And by his grace I triumph,
- 4 I shall glory in his favor,
 I shall glory in his favor,
 I shall glory in his favor,
- 5 I shall live with him forever,
 I shall live with him forever,
 I shall live with him forever,

30

O THAT MY LOAD.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free ;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove,

The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

31

O LORD, HAVE MERCY.

1 Saviour of sinners, lend thine ear,
Accept the mourner's plea,
And listen to my feeble prayer,
Descend and pardon me.

Cho.—O Lord, have mercy :||
Have mercy on me.

2 Beneath thy cross I'll urge my cry,
Until my soul is free ;
Both night and day I groan and sigh,
O Jesus pardon me !

3 'Tis done, 'tis done, I do believe,
I feel my soul is free ;
Thy great salvation I receive,
Yes, thou hast pardoned me.

32

IT REACHES ME.

Whyte, No. 51.

1 Oh, this uttermost salvation !
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me !

CHO.—It reaches me ! It reaches me !
Wondrous grace ! it reaches me !
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace ! it reaches me !

2 How amazing God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore thee !
Now thy love I will proclaim,
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify thy name !

33

WHOSOEVER HEARETH.

G. H. & S. Songs, p. 12.

- 1 "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!
 Send the blessed tidings all the world around:
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
 "Whosoever will, may come."

CHO.—"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
 Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer
 home:
 "Whosoever will, may come."

- 2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
 "Whosoever will, may come."

- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
 "Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
 "Whosoever will, may come."

34

REVIVE US AGAIN.

- 1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
 Hallelujah! Amen!
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
 Revive us again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our
 night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed
 ev'ry stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided
 our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

THE STORY OF CLEANSING.

P. L., No. 139.

1 'Tis a story oft repeated, but it never can grow
old,

The story of the blood that make us clean ;
'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or lips
have ever told,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

CHO.—Able to save to the uttermost,
He offers us cleansing, and oh, it is
free !

Wondrous salvation ! it saves even me !
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung
by ransomed choirs above,
Who by its power o'ercame and were made
clean ;

How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd by
redeeming love ;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

3 As I listen to the message, how it thrills me
with delight ;

The fountain now is open, enter in ;
Whosoever will may venture in and wash his
garments white ;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

4 Then why should I tarry longer ? Jesus' call I
will obey ;

I come, I wash, the promised rest I win,
I will trust his power to keep me clean each mo-
ment, ev'ry day ;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

5 Oh, this wonderful salvation, praise the dear
Redeemer's name,

It reaches me !—his praise I must begin ;
This my greatest joy, with all the saved forever
to proclaim,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

S. of J. and G., No. 252.

- 1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
 Rest, such as the purified know ;
 My soul is athirst to be blest,
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
 And his blood washes whiter than snow.
 I believe Jesus saves.
 And his blood washes whiter than snow.

- 2 In coming, my sins I deplore,
 My weakness and poverty show ;
 I long to be sav'd evermore,
 To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.

- 3 To Jesus I give up my all,
 Every treasure and idol I know ;
 For his fullness of blessing I call,
 Till his blood washes me whiter than snow.

- 4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
 Trusting his salvation to know ;
 And his blood doth so fully atone,
 I am wash'd and made whiter than snow.

- 5 My heart is in raptures of love,
 Love such as the ransomed ones know ;
 I am strengthen'd with might from above,
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.

37 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD ?

The Quiver, by per., p. 14.

- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r,
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?
 Are you fully trusting in His grace each hour ?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
 In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb ?
 Are your garments spotless ? are they white
 as snow ?
 Are you washed in the blood of the
 Lamb ?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 3 When the bridegroom cometh, will your robes
 be white?
 Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 4 Lay aside those garments that are stained with
 sin,
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
 There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
 O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

38

SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

Songs of Joy and Gladness, No. 166.

- 1 Loving Saviour, || hear my cry, ||
 Trembling to Thy arms I fly,
 O save me at the cross:
 I have sinned but || Thou hast died;
 In Thy mercy let me hide,
 O save me at the cross.

CHO.—Dear Jesus receive me,
 No more will I grieve Thee,
 Now, blessed Redeemer,
 O save me at the cross.

- 2 Though I perish || I will pray ||
 Thou of life the living way
 O save me at the cross,
 Thou hast said, Thy || grace is free ||
 Have compassion, Lord, on me,
 O save me at the cross.
- 3 Wash me in Thy || cleansing blood, ||
 Plunge me now beneath the flood,
 O save me at the cross.
 Only faith will || pardon bring, ||
 In that faith to Thee I cling,
 O save me at the cross.

39

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE ?

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 72.

- 1 I hear the footsteps of Jesus,
 He is now passing by,
 Bearing balm for the wounded,
 Healing all who apply ;
 As he spake to the sufferer
 Who lay at the pool,
 He is saying this moment,
 " Wilt thou be made whole ? "

Cho.—Wilt thou be made whole ? wilt thou
 be made whole ?

O come weary sufferer, O come sin-
 sick soul ;
 See the life-stream is flowing, see the
 cleansing waves roll,
 Step into the current and thou shalt
 be whole.

- 2 'Tis the voice of that Saviour,
 Whose merciful call
 Freely offers salvation
 To one and to all ;
 He is now beck'ning to him
 Each sin-tainted soul,
 And lovingly asking,
 " Wilt thou be made whole ? "

- 3 Are you halting and struggling,
 O'erpowered by your sin,
 While the waters are troubled
 Can you not enter in ?
 Lo, the Saviour stands waiting
 To strengthen your soul,
 He is earnestly pleading,
 " Wilt thou be made whole ? "

40

HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

R. L. No. 2, by per.p. 112

- 1 When Jesus laid his crown aside,
 He came to save me ;
 When on the cross he bled and died,
 He came to save me.

CHO.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 Im so glad that Jesus came, and
 grace is free.
 I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 I'm so glad that Jesus came, He
 came to save me.

2 In my poor heart he deigns to dwell,
 He came to save me ;
 O, praise his name, I know it well,
 He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
 He came to save me ;
 And trusting him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me ;
 To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.

41

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

Songs of Redeeming Love, by per., p. 25.

1 There is a fountain, ||: filled with blood :||
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged ||: beneath that flood :||
 Lose all their guilty stains.

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain, Here will I stay,
 And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see :||
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, ||: tho' vile as he :||
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God :||
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :||
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
 And shall be till I die.

42

ONLY A LOOK.

The Ark of Praise, by per., p. 53.

- 1 Only a look, my Saviour,
While trembling here I bow,
Only a look, my Saviour,
My heart is breaking now,

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
Only a look from thee ;
One look from the cross, the blood-stained
cross,
Will bring sweet peace to me.

- 2 Only a look, my Saviour,
Will all my sins forgive,
Tenderly now behold me,
And bid my spirit live.
- 3 Only a look, my Saviour,
With joy my heart would fill,
Graciously hear my pleading,
And bend my wayward will.

- 4 Only a look, my Saviour,
'Tis done, the work is thine,
Thou, by a look, hast made me
An heir of grace divine.

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
Only a look, from thee,
One look from the cross, the blood-stained
cross,
Has brought sweet peace to me.

43

THE OPEN ARMS.

Redeeming Love No. 2, 66.

- 1 Oh, why are you slighting the Saviour,
So patient, forgiving, and true ?
The arms of his mercy are open ;
He offers a welcome to you.

CHO.—O come to the arms that are waiting,
They long have been waiting for you ;
Oh, come to your loving Redeemer,
So gentle, forgiving and true.

- 2 Once led as a lamb to the slaughter,
 He suffered, and languished, and died ;
 And now, in his tender compassion,
 He shows you his hands and his side.
- 3 Again the dear Saviour is calling,
 O turn ye, for why will ye die ?
 Your sun may go down in a moment,
 The arrow of death may be nigh.
- 4 Again the dear Saviour is pleading ;
 Oh, look for his mercy and live ;
 The pleasures of time are but fleeting,
 Then trust not the promise they give.

44

REDEEMED.

Songs of Triumph, by per., p. 30.

- 1 Redeemed. how I love to proclaim it,
 Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb ;
 Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy,
 His child and forever I am.
- CHO.—Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed by the
 blood of the Lamb,
 Redeemed, redeemed, His child and for-
 ever I am.
- 2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
 No language my rapture can tell,
 I know that the light of his presence
 With me doth continually dwell.
- 3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,
 I think of Him all the day long,
 I sing for I cannot be silent,
 His love is the theme of my song.
- 4 I know I shall see in His beauty,
 The King in whose law I delight,
 Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
 And giveth me songs in the night.
- 5 I know there's a crown that is waiting
 In yonder bright mansion for me,
 And soon with the spirits made perfect,
 At home with the Lord I shall be.

45

AT THE CROSS.

Songs of P. L., No. 113, by per.

- 1 Jesus, Lord, thy dying love,
 Hath pierced my contrite heart;
 Now take my life, and let me prove
 How dear to me thou art.

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw
 the light,

And the burden of my heart roll'd away,
 It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight,
 And now I am happy night and day!

- 2 Amid the night of sin and death
 Thy light hath filled my soul;
 To me thy loving voice now saith,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.

- 3 I kiss thy feet, and clasp thy hand,
 I touch thy bleeding side;
 O let me here forever stand,
 Where thou wast crucified.

- 4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
 I count my gain but loss;
 Forever let thy love enthrall,
 And keep me at the cross.

46

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

Garner, No. 42, by per.

- 1 I am waiting, O my Father,
 For the coming of the light,—
 For the sunshine of thy presence,
 That shall lift the clouds of night.

CHO.—I am waiting for thy foot-step,
 As it comes toward my door;—
 O, my Father, enter quickly,
 Leave me never, never more.

- 2 I am waiting, blessed Saviour,
 Let thy presence light my way,
 Let thy loving hand e'er lead me,
 Let me never from thee stray.

3 I am waiting, Lord, why tarry ?
 Enter quick the open door,
 Let me feel that thou art with me,
 And I ask for nothing more.

4 I am waiting, O my Father.
 Yet I see the coming light,
 Yet I feel thy tender presence,
 Never more shall it be night.

47 O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

1 O prodigal, don't stay away !
 The Father is waiting to-day ;
 There's room and to spare,
 There is raiment to wear ;
 O prodigal, don't stay away.

CHO.—Will you come, will you come ?
 Will you come, come home to-day ? will you
 come ?

There is welcome for you,
 There's a kiss kind and true ;
 Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

2 O prodigal brother, come home !
 Why longer in wretchedness roam ?
 You are lonely and lost,
 You are driven and tost ;
 O prodigal brother, come home.

3 O prodigal, what will you do ?
 Love's table is waiting for you ;
 Forgiveness so sweet,
 Sure, your coming will greet ;
 O prodigal, what will you do ?

4 O prodigal, brother, arise !
 For pardon, look up to the skies ;
 No longer then stray
 From thy Father away ;
 O prodigal, brother, arise !

48 I HAVE BEEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Whyte, No. 8.

- 1 I have been at the fountain, at the wonderful
fountain,
Where the streams of blessing flow ;
I have washed my garments in the blood of
cleansing,
And am made as white as snow.

CHO.—Yes, I've been at the fountain, at the life-
giving fountain,
And believing, entered in ;
I have washed my garments in the blood,
hallelujah !
And am saved from all my sin.

- 2 I am saved, hallelujah! and my heart is
rejoicing
In the gracious One who died,
And who made atonement by the blood, so
precious,
Flowing from his wounded side.

- 3 I am peacefully resting at the cross of the
Saviour,
Where my soul was cleaved from sin,
Where the blood is flowing to redeem and save
us,
And where all may enter in.

- 4 O what joy and what comfort day by day to
be drinking
From the depths of love divine,
And to know that Jesus, who so fully saves me,
Is forever wholly mine!

- 5 On his faithfulness resting, in his warm love
confiding,
I can feel no earthly need ;
Oh, how sweet the trusting, and the calm
reposing!
This is peace and rest indeed!

49

'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL.

S. of R. L., p. 69.

- 1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
All my refuge and my plea ;
Matchless is thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stoop'd to me.

СНО.—Oh, 'tis glory ! oh, 'tis glory !
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul,
For I've touch'd the hem of his garment,
And his pow'r doth make me whole.

- 2 Long my heart hath heard thee calling,
But I thrust aside thy grace ;
Yet, O boundless condescension,
Love is shining from thy face.

- 3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in :
Saviour, let thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

50

CLEANSING WAVE.

Epworth, No. 102.

- 1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

СНО.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see !
I plunge, and Oh, it cleanseth me !
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood ;
It speaks ! polluted nature dies !
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.

- 4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied ;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

51

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

Songs of P. L., No. 120.

- 1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring ;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing on the promise, Standing on the
promise,
Standing on the promises of God my
Saviour ;
Standing on the promise, Standing on the
promise,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

- 2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear
assail,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me ;
Standing on the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirits' sword,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirits' call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

52

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

R. L., No. 2, p. 58, by per.

- 1 There stands a rock on shores of time,
That rears to heav'n its head sublime ;
That rock is cleft, and they are blest
Who find within this cleft a rest.

CHO.—Some build their hopes on the ever drifting
 sand,
 Some on the fame, or their treasure or their
 land.
 Mine's on a rock that forever will stand,
 Jesus, the "Rock of Ages."

2 That rock's a cross, its arms outspread,
 Celestial glory bathes its head ;
 To its firm base my all I bring,
 And to the Cross of Ages cling.

3 That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height,
 Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,
 Opes wide its gate beneath the dome
 Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

53

TELL IT TO JESUS.

Whyte, No. 15.

1 Are you weary, are you heavy hearted ?
 Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.
 Are you grieving over joys departed ?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,
 He is a friend well known:
 You have no other such a friend or brother,
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden ?
 Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.
 Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden ?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow ?
 Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.
 Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow ?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying ?
 Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.
 For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing ?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

54 HE SAVES ME THROUGH AND THROUGH.

S. of J. and G., No. 208, by per.

- 1 The blood that Jesus shed for me
 When groaning, dying on the tree,
 From all transgressions cleanseth me,
 And saves me through and through.

CHO.—Sav'd, sav'd, yes, I am sav'd,
 My heart is created anew ;
 The blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
 And saves me through and through.

- 2 In perfect trust I now resign
 My all to him whose will is mine ;
 He fills my soul with love divine,
 And saves me through and through.

- 3 No angel tongue such praise can bring,
 Nor learn the song that now I sing
 To him, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Who saves me through and through.

- 4 I know not what my joy will be,
 When face to face my Lord I see,
 But this I know, he cleanseth me,
 And saves me through and through.

55 HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB.

Songs of P. L., by ser., No. 78.

- 1 At the fountain, precious fountain,
 Jesus washed my sins away,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! to the Lamb ;
 And rejoicing in his mercy,
 There I linger all the day,
 Hallelujah ! to the bleeding Lamb.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer heard
 my call ;
 At the fountain, precious fountain,
 Praise the Lord, there's room for
 all ;
 Hallelujah ! to the bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
 In my heart he reigns supreme,
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! to the Lamb ;
 And the brightness of his glory
 Shines above the cleansing stream,
 Hallelujah ! to the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 I am trusting, fully trusting,
 In the power of grace divine,
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! to the Lamb ;
 Jesus saves me now and ever,
 I am his and he is mine,
 Hallelujah ! to the bleeding Lamb.
- 4 Oh, the resting, holy resting !
 Not a shadow veils my brow,
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! to the Lamb ;
 For the perfect love of Jesus,
 With its fulness fills me now,
 Hallelujah ! to the bleeding Lamb.

56

'TIS SO SWEET.

Songs of Triumph, by per., p. 46.

- 1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to take Him at His Word.
 Just to rest upon his promise,
 Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 CHO.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him ;
 How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus !
 O for grace to trust him more.
- 2 O, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to trust His cleansing blood ;
 Just in simple faith to plunge me,
 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
- 3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just from sin and self to cease ;
 Just from Jesus simply taking
 Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
- 4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
 Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend ;
 And I know that thou art with me,
 Wilt be with me to the end.

HE LOVED ME SO.

Whyte, No. 37.

- 1 By faith the Lamb of God I see,
 Expiring on the cross for me ;
 He paid the mighty debt I owe ;
 He died because he loved me so.

CHO.—He loved me so, he loved me so,
 He died because he loved me so.

- 2 For me the Father sent his Son ;
 For me the victory he won ;
 To save my soul from endless woe,
 He died because he loved me so.

- 3 So glad I am that he is mine,
 So glad that I with him shall shine ;
 I'll trust in him, for this I know,
 He died because he loved me so.

- 4 O Lamb of God, that made me free,
 I consecrate my all to thee ;
 My all,—for this I surely know,
 He died because he loved me so.

- 5 And when my Lord shall bid me come,
 To join the loved ones round the throne,
 I'll sing, as through the gates I go,
 He died because he loved me so.

IN BETHANY.

R. L. No. 2, by per., p. 97.

- 1 'Twas good to sit at Jesus' feet
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !
 And feel his tender love so sweet,
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !

CHO.—If now our faith and prayers agree,
 Our grateful hearts as glad may be
 As those that Jesus came to see
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !

- 2 His welcome voice with joy they heard
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !
 They treasured up each precious word,
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !
- 3 Whene'er he came their souls were blest
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !
 His presence left a hallowed rest,
 In Bethany, dear Bethany !
- 4 O Saviour, make these hearts of ours
 Thy Bethany, dear Bethany !
 And grant to us the balmy showers
 Of Bethany, dear Bethany !

59

MEDITATION.

Hymnal, 759.

- 1 O, thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all !
- 2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy
 sheep,
 To feed them in pastures of love ?
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in this wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander, an alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrow they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he is gone.
- 5 He looks ! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word :
 He speaks ! and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 6 Dear Shepherd ! I hear, and will follow thy call ;
 I know the sweet sound of thy voice ;
 Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
 And in thee I will ever rejoice.

FULL SALVATION.

B. S., p. 33.

- 1 Precious Saviour thou hast sav'd me ;
 Thine and only thine I am ;
 Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

- 2 Long my yearning heart was trying
 To enjoy this perfect rest ;
 But I gave all trying over :
 Simply trusting, I was blest.

- 3 Trusting. trusting ev'ry moment ;
 Feeling now the blood applied ;
 Lying at the cleansing fountain ;
 Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

- 4 Consecrated to thy service,
 I will live and die to thee ;
 I will witness to thy glory
 Of salvation full and free.

- 5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus ;
 He has sweetly saved my soul,
 Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
 Sanctified, and made me whole.

- 6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
 Glory to its cleansing power!
 Glory to the blood that keeps me!
 Glory, glory, evermore!

ONLY TRUST HIM.

- 1 Come every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And He will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him.
 Only trust Him now ;
 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you now.

- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow ;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest ;
 Believe in Him without delay
 And you are fully blest.
- 5 Come then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

62 JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

- 1 Will you come, will you come with your broken
 heart,
 Burden'd and sin-oppressed ?
 Lay it down at the feet of the Saviour and Lord,
 Jesus will give you rest.

CHO.—O happy rest, sweet happy rest !

Jesus will give you rest,
 Oh ! why won't you come in simple,
 trusting faith ?
 Jesus will give you rest.

- 2 Will you come, will you come ? there is mercy
 for you,
 Balm for your aching breast ;
 Only come as you are, and believe on His name,
 Jesus will give you rest.

- 3 Will you come, will you come ? you have noth-
 ing to pay,
 Jesus, who loves you best,
 By His death on the Cross purchased life for
 your soul ;
 Jesus will give you rest.

- 4 Will you come, will you come ? how He pleads
 with you now !
 Fly to His loving breast ;
 And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
 Jesus will give you rest.

63

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Glad H., No. 166.

- 1 There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home.
- 3 To the New Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,
- 6 We are on our journey home.
- 7 Let him that heareth, come.
- 8 And him that thirsteth come.
- 9 Whosoever will may come.

64

WAITING AT THE POOL.

B. L., No. 85, by per.

- 1 Thousands stand to-day in sorrow,
Waiting at the pool ;
Saying they will wash to-morrow,
Waiting at the pool ;
Others step in left and right,
Wash their stained garments white
Leaving you in sorrow's night;
waiting at the pool ;
Waiting, Waiting, Waiting at the pool.
- 2 Souls, your filthy garments wearing,
Waiting at the pool ;
Hearts, your heavy burden bearing,
Waiting at the pool ;
Can it be you never heard,
Jesus long ago hath stirred
The waters with his mighty word,
Waiting at the pool ?
- 3 Thousands once were standing near you,
Waiting at the pool ;
Come their voices back to cheer you,
Waiting at the pool ;
Back from Canaan's happy shore,
Sorrows past and labor o'er,
Where they stand in tears no more,
Waiting at the pool.

- 4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
 Waiting at the pool ;
 Calls to them across the water,
 Waiting at the pool ;
 You can never more embrace
 Mother, or behold her face,
 If you keep the Leper's place,
 Waiting at the pool.
- 5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
 Waiting at the pool ;
 Jesus may no more invite you,
 Waiting at the pool ;
 Faith is near you, take her hand,
 Seek with her the better land,
 And no longer doubting stand
 Waiting at the pool.

65

ROCK OF AGES.

Hymnal, 415.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone :
 In my hand no price I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

SAFE ON THE ROCK.

Whyte, No. 71.

- 1 Safe on the Rock I have anchored,
 There will I cling, There will I cling,
 Trusting alone my Redeemer,
 Glory to him will I sing ;
 Safe tho' the waves of temptation
 Darkly may roll, darkly may roll ;
 Safe where no evil can harm me,—
 Safe on the Rock of my soul.

CHO.—Safe on the rock I have anchored,
 There will I cling, There will I cling,
 Trusting alone my Redeemer,
 Glory to him will I sing.

- 2 Safe on the rock I have anchored,
 Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine ;
 Strong is my heart and rejoicing,
 Filled with his fullness divine ;
 Oh what ineffable splendor
 Breaks on my sight, breaks on my sight ;
 Visions of home over Jordan,—
 Visions of holy delight.

- 3 Safe on the Rock in the desert,
 There I abide, there I abide ;
 Rock where the waters refreshing,
 Peacefully, tenderly glide ;
 Safe in the watch care of Jesus
 Happy and blest, happy and blest ;
 Safe on the bosom that loves me,—
 Now and forever my rest.

67 WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

- 1 List, the Spirit calls to thee,
 Will you be washed in the blood ?
 Jesus died to make you free,
 Will you be washed in the blood ?
 Pardon freely given,
 Cleansing you for heaven.

CHO.—Will you be washed,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Claim Him as your Savior,
 He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 And the witness you may know,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 You can know this hour
 Of his dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Don't reject the Spirit's call,
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Grace is all abounding,
 Joy through heaven resounding.

68

NEAR THE CROSS.

1 Near the cross of Jesus,
 Ever let me be,
 Where the precious fountain
 Flows and cleanseth me.

CHO.—Near the cross, near the cross,
 Cross of Calvary;
 Near the cross of Jesus,
 Ever let me be.

2 Neath the peaceful shadow,
 From the noontide heat,
 I would ever linger
 In that refuge sweet.

3 Sweet and peaceful shelter,
 On it I rely,
 Thro' the storms and tempests,
 That around me lie.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

- 1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak,
 In living echoes of thy tone ;
 As thou hast sought, so let me seek,
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- CHO.—O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet ;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hung'ring one with manna sweet.
- 2 O strengthen me, that while I stand,
 Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand,
 To wrestlers in the troubled sea.
- 3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, .
 The precious things thou dost impart ;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 4 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power,
 A word in season, as from thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.
- 5 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'er flow,
 In kindling tho't, and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.
- 6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as thou wilt, and when and where ;
 Until thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

LOOK ABOVE.

S. of P. L., No. 58, by per.

- 1 Look above, oh, look above,
 Ye who toil and labor here,
 See the morning light of love
 Thro' the mist and clouds appear.

CHO.—Look above where blossoms fair
 Wave amid the fragrant air ;
 Look above, where all is love,
 Look above ; your home is there.

2 Look away, oh, look away
 From the stormy waves that roll,
 Where in realms of endless day
 Songs of rapture fill the soul.

3 Look beyond the winter's gloom,
 Look beyond its frowning skies ;
 Look beyond the silent tomb,
 To a spring that never dies.

71 CLEANSE AND FILL ME.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour, by per.

1 I am coming, Jesus, coming,
 At thy feet I humbly bow ;
 I have tasted thy salvation,
 But I want the fulness now.

CHO.—Cleanse and fill me, cleanse and fill
 me,
 Fill me with thy Spirit now ;
 Cleanse and fill me, blessed Jesus,
 Fill me with thy Spirit now.

2 Take away the bent to sinning,
 Ev'ry bitter root within ;
 Heal the tide at its beginning
 That has caused me oft to sin.

3 Search as with a lighted candle
 Ev'ry hidden corner, Lord ;
 Separate me from the evil,
 Thro' thine ever-living Word.

4 Now thou art the blood applying,
 I am clean, I feel the flow
 That alone hath power to make me
 Whiter than the purest snow.

5 Lo ! the promise of the Father
 Swift descends, and fills me now ;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah !
 Thou art cleansing, filling now.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

Songs of Triumph, by per., p. 17.

1 Oh how happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above ;
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

CHO —It is good to be here, it is good to be here,
 Thy perfect love now drives away all our
 fear,
 And light streaming down makes the
 pathway all clear,
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I received through the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received—
 What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore,

4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song ;
 O, that all His salvation might see ;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

CHO.—Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O, my
 soul, rejoice and sing ;
 Praise the Lord for his love to me,
 He redeemed me with his blood, O, the
 precious, cleansing flood,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

73 WHAT A REAPING THERE WILL BE.

Whyte, No. 40.

- 1 In the field of Christian duty there's a place for
 every one,
 And the moments like the shadows glide
 away ;
 But there's work to do for Jesus, and a work
 that must be done,
 From the dawning till the closing of the day.

CHO.—Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting,
 Till the coming of the Master we shall see,
 Then among the tried and faithful in the
 harvest fields above,
 What a reaping, what a reaping there
 will be.

- 2 O, that field of Christian duty all around us we
 may find,
 And we need not turn our footsteps far away,
 There are weary ones to comfort, there are
 broken hearts to bind,
 From the dawning till the closing of the day,

- 3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,—there are
 sinners to reclaim,—
 We must scatter love and kindness in their
 way ;
 With a patient, humble spirit we must labor in
 his name,
 From the dawning till the closing of the day.

- 4 In that field of Christian duty we are toiling not
 in vain,
 For the Saviour will reward us by and by ;
 Oh, 'tis worth our strongest efforts, more than
 worth a life of praise !
 When we think of yonder mansion in the sky.

ALL THE WAY.

Epworth, No. 176.

- 1 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 What have I to ask beside ?
 Can I doubt his tender mercy,
 Who through life has been my guide ?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in him to dwell !
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well ;
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.

- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Cheers each winding path I tread ;
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread ;
 Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo ! a spring of joy I see ?
 Gushing from the Rock, &c.

- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Oh, the fullness of his love !
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above ;
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way ;
 This my song, &c.

MY BRETHREN, I HAVE FOUND.

- 1 My brethren, I have found
 A land which doth abound
 With food as sweet as manna ;
 The more I eat I find
 The more I am inclined
 To sing and shout hozanna.

CHO.—And as we march along,
 We'll sing the Christian's song,
 We hope to live forever.
 My soul doth long to go,
 Where it shall fully know,
 The beauties of my Saviour.

2 What must the fountain be
 From which grace flows so free,
 It yields both peace and pleasure ;
 There's no terrestrial bliss
 Could ever equal this,
 A foretaste of my Saviour.

3 Perhaps you think I'm wild
 And simple as a child :
 I am a child of glory.
 My joy is from above,
 My heart is filled with love,
 I long to tell the story.

4 Now, brethren, can you say,
 That you are on your way—
 Are on your way to glory ?
 I care not for your name ;
 Religion is the same ;
 Come tell the pleasing story.

76 ARISE, SHINE, GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

Arise, shine, give God the glory,
 Arise, shine, etc.
 Arise, shine, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

I am glad I'm in this army,
 I am glad, etc.
 I am glad, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

I am rising, higher, higher,
 I am rising, etc.
 I am rising, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Epworth.

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine !
O, what a foretaste of glory divine !
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long ;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

78 MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS.

Epworth, No. 178.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

*On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.*

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

- 3 His word, his covenant, and blood
Support me in the 'whelming flood ;
When all around on earth gives way,
He then is all my help and stay.

79 O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To Spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

80 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

- 1 What can wash away my stain ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
What can make me whole again ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- CHO.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow ;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 2 For my cleansing this I see,
For my pardon this my plea—
 - 3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Naught of good that I have done—
 - 4 This is all my hope and peace,
This is all my righteousness—
 - 5 Now by this I'll overcome,
Now by this I'll reach my home—
 - 6 Glory ! glory ! thus I sing,
All my praise for this I bring—

81 GATHER THE REAPERS HOME.

- 1 Have ye heard the song from the golden land?
Have ye heard the glad new song,
Let us bind our sheaves with a willing hand,
For the time will not be long.

CHO.—The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
His smile, His voice we shall see and hear,
The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
And gather the reapers home.

- 2 They are looking down from the golden land,
Our beloved are looking down,
They have done their work, they have borne
their cross,
And received their promised crown.

- 3 O the song rolls on from the golden land,
And our hearts are strong to-day,
For it nerves our souls with its music sweet,
And we toil in the noon-tide ray.

- 4 O the song rolls on from the golden land,
From its vales of joy and flowers,
And we feel and know by a living faith
That its tones will soon be ours.

82 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Songs of Triumph, by per.

- 1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His Word ;
Just to rest upon his promise ;
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

CHO.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him ;
;How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus !
O for grace to trust him more.

- 2 O, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood ;
Just in simple faith to plung o me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just from sin and self to cease ;
 Just from Jesus simply taking
 Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
 Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend ;
 And I know that thou art with me,
 Wilt be with me to the end.

83

HARVEST TIME.

R. L. No. 2, by per., p. 107.

1 The seed I have scattered in spring-time with
 weeping,
 And watered with tears and with dew from
 on high ;
 Another may shout when the harvesters reaping
 Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and
 by."

CHO.—Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper
 My heart is pierced through with life's
 sorrowing cry,
 But the tears of the sower and songs of the
 reaper
 Shall mingle together in joy by and by.
 By and by, by and by,
 By and by, by and by,
 Yes the tears of the sower and songs of the
 reaper
 Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've
 planted,
 Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
 Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
 While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer
 sun blasted
 The most of the seed which in spring-time I've
 sown ;
 But the Lord who has watched while my weary
 toil lasted
 Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

84

JESUS IS GOOD TO ME.

R. L. No. 2, 58, by per.

- 1 I love my Saviour, his heart is good,
 He has loved me o'er and o'er ;
 He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood,
 And I love him more and more.

CHO.—Jesus is good to me,
 Jesus is good to me ;
 So good ! so good !
 Jesus is good to my soul.

- 2 He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—
 How fond his tender embrace !
 He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul—
 My day the smile of his face.
- 3 I want to love him with all my heart,
 Tho' all its powers are small ;
 I will not keep from him any part,
 For he is worthy of all.
- 4 He's good to me in my sorrow's night,
 He's good in the tempest's roll ;
 He bringeth from darkness into light,—
 With joy he filleth my soul.

85 WHEN THE TEMPEST PASSES OVER.

Golden Songs, by per., p. 68.

- 1 We are sailing on the old ship of Zion,
 We are sailing to the home of the blest,
 Where the holy angels wait for our coming,
 In the city where the saints sweetly rest.

CHO.—When the tempest passes over,
 We will meet each other there, on the shore.

- 2 Millions have already reached the blest harbor,
 And are singing with the loved gone before ;
 Millions more are sailing over the river
 To their mansions on the beautiful shore.

- 3 Spread your canvas to the winds ; let the breezes
 Gently waft the noble ship to the shore ;
 All on board are sweetly singing to Jesus,
 Who will bring them to the bright evermore.
- 4 When we all are safely landed in heaven,
 We will gladly shout our dangers are o'er ;
 We will walk about the beautiful city,
 And we'll sing the happy song evermore.

86 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

- 1 The great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus,
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus,

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus :
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus.
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus.
 Oh ! how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 And when to that bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love,
 The name, the name of Jesus.

87

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

- 1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried ;
There to my heart was the blood applied ;
Glory to his name.

CHO.—Glory to His name ;
Glory to His name ;
There at the cross was the blood applied ;
Glory to His name.

- 2 I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within ;
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to His name.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in ;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.

- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet ;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete ;
Glory to His name.

88

I PRAISE THE LORD.

Dr H. L. Gilmour, by per.

- 1 I praise the Lord, when full of sin
A willing Saviour took me in,
And now I love to dwell with him ;
Oh, glory, hallelujah !

CHO.—Glory, glory to his name ;
Hallelujah, Jesus came ;
I praise the Lord the Lamb was slain
To save a world of sinners.

- 2 I praise the Lord, when I was blind,
And knew not where the path to find,
The Spirit came, with words so kind,
And pointed me to Jesus.

- 3 I praise the Lord I'm in the way,
My prospect bright'ning ev'ry day,
And, Jesus helping, I will stay,
And never leave my Saviour.
- 4 I praise the Lord, I follow on,
Obedient to the heavenly call ;
I rest in Christ, my all in all,
A perfect, loving Saviour.
- 5 I praise the Lord, 'mid raging storm
My soul has refuge from alarm
By resting on the mighty arm
Of Jesus Christ my Saviour.
- 6 I praise the Lord for sweet repose
From inward fears and outward foes ;
A peaceful stream of pleasure flows
When leaning on my Saviour.
- 7 I praise the Lord for peace within ;
I praise the Lord I'm cleansed from sin ;
I praise the Lord I'm free in him ;
Oh, glory, hallelujah !

89

O FOR A FAITH.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

90

JESUS SAVES ME.

Beulah Songs, by per., p. 33.

- 1 Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me ;
 Thine and only thine I am ;
 Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

- 2 Long my yearning heart was trying
 To enjoy this perfect rest ;
 But I gave all trying over ;
 Simply trusting, I was blest.

- 3 Trusting, trusting every moment ;
 Feeling now the blood applied ;
 Lying at the cleansing fountain ;
 Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

- 4 Consecrated to thy service,
 I will live and die to thee ;
 I will witness to thy glory
 Of salvation full and free.

91

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION..

Quiver, by per., p. 26.

- 1 Come ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known,
 ¶ : Join in a song with sweet accord, : ¶
 ¶ : And thus surround the throne. : ¶

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew their God ;
 ¶ : But children of the heavenly king, : ¶
 ¶ : May speak their joys abroad. : ¶

- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 || : Before we reach the heavenly fields, : ||
 || : Or walk the golden streets. : ||
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 || : We're marching thro' Immanuel's
 ground, : ||
 || : To fairer worlds on high : ||

92

BEULAH LAND.

Garner, by per., p. 69.

- 1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine ;
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land !
 As on the highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,—
 My heaven, my home, for evermore !

- 2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we ;
 He gently leads me by his hand,
 For this is heaven's border land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
 And flowers that never-fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels with the white-robed throng
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

BETHANY.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee !
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

94

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, If I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

95

SHALL WE MEET ?

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?
CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river ?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
By the fair celestial shore ?
- 3 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face ?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim His own ?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne ?

- 1 When the clouds have left the hill-tops,
 And the beauty of the day
 Gleams along thro' golden portals,
 Melting all the mists away,
 Then no more will shadows darken,
 Till the way we cannot see—
 Oh, for Thee our hearts are yearning,
 Glory of eternity.
 Oh, for Thee our hearts are yearning,
 Glory of eternity.

CHO.—Oh, the joy, that day shall bring,
 Oh, the songs we then shall sing,
 When the clouds of earth have lifted,
 And the mists have cleared away ;
 When the clouds of earth have lifted,
 And the mists have cleared away,

- 2 When the darkness rolls from ocean,
 And the light beams brightly o'er
 Ev'ry wave and foaming billow,
 Dashing 'gainst this mortal shore,
 Then the heart will sing with rapture,
 And the voice break forth in praise
 To the God that rules the tempest :
 "Just and true are all thy ways."
- 3 When the pain and wasting fever,
 And the thousand ills of life,
 All are healed by one Physician,
 And forever hushed the strife,
 Then sweet peace and holy comfort
 Will possess the inmost soul,
 For the weary, home-sick pi'grim
 Will have reached the long'd for goal.
- 4 When the graves of earth are opened,
 And the fair, lov'd forms arise,
 Springing up from dusty chambers,
 Soaring upward to the skies,
 Then sweet waves of thrilling music
 Will entrance the listening ear,
 "Like the sound of many waters,"
 Murmuring gently, soft and clear.

- 5 When the City, grand, eternal,
 Shall descend, 'mid clouds of light.
 And the King bids saints to enter
 Mansions filled with holy light,
 Then the life-work of all ages
 Will receive a just reward,
 Home with Jesus, sweet rest given,
 In the kingdom of our Lord.

97

WE SHALL KNOW.

- 1 When the mists have roll'd in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rain-bow of the spray,—
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.

CHO.—We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away ;
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

- 2 If we err, in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust ;
 If we miss the law of kindness
 When we struggle to be just,
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover
 All the plain that hides away,—
 When the weary watch is over,
 And the mists have cleared away.
- 3 When the mists have risen above us,
 As our Father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known ;
 Love, beyond the orient meadows
 Floats the golden fringe of day,
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows,
 Till the mists have cleared away.

98 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee ?
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

99 HAPPY DAY.

- 1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away !
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill this house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !
 I am my Lord's and he is mine :
 He drew me and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart ;
 With him, of ev'ry good possess'd.
- 5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

100

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 || : My name is written on His hands. : ||
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me ;
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for His child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

101

COME THOU FOUNT.

- 1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let Thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love !
Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

102 ALAS ! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

103 JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is passed ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

104

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Garner, by per. p. 54.

- 1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;
 I want thee forever to live in my soul ;
 Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe ;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow ! yes, whiter than snow !
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
 snow.

- 2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain ;
 Apply thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain ;
 To have this blest washing I all things forego,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the
 skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,—
 I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet ;
 By faith, for my cleansing I see thy blood flow,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 5 The blessing by faith I receive from above ;
 Oh, glory ! my soul is made perfect in love ;
 My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I
 know
 The blood is applied,—I am whiter than snow !

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.
 The blood is applied—I am whiter than
 snow.

105

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross—
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name ?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there ~~no~~ foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

106

WONDERFUL WORDS.

Epworth, 97.

- 1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life.
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life ;
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty.
- CHO.—Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life ;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.
- 2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life ;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life ;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life !
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life ;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.

Epworth, No. 192.

1 Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
 God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
 And all my heart in anguish shivers,
 And trembles at the fiery glow :
 And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'
 And in his hottest fire hold still.

CHO —I will not murmur at the sorrow
 That only longer-liv'd would be,
 The end may come, and that to-morrow,
 When God hath wrought his will in me ;
 And so I whisper, 'As God will,'
 And trusting to the end hold still.

2 He comes and lays my heart all heated,
 On his hard anvil, minded so ;
 Yet in his own fair form to beat it,
 With his great hammer, blow by blow :
 And yet, &c.

3 He takes my soften'd heart and beats it ;
 The sparks fly off at every blow :
 He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
 And let's it cool, and makes it glow.
 And yet, &c.

4 He kindles for my profit, purely,
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand ;
 For all his heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a Master hand :
 And yet, &c.

108 WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE.

1 When we all meet at home in the morning,
 On the shore of that bright crystal sea ;
 Where the loved ones who long have been wait-
 ing,
 What a meeting indeed that will be !

CHO.—Gather'd home, gather'd home,
 On the shore of that bright crystal sea ;
 Gather'd home, gather'd home,
 With our lov'd ones forever to be.

- 2 When we all meet at home in the morning,
 And from sorrow forever be free ;
 When we join in the song of the ransom'd,
 What a gath'ring indeed that will be !
- 3 When we all meet at home in the morning,
 With our blessed Redeemer to be ;
 When we know and are known by our lov'd
 ones,
 What a meeting indeed that will be.

109

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

G. H. & S. Songs, p. 20.

- 1 Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Cho.—Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Jesus is merciful,
 Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently ;
 He will forgive if they only believe.

- 3 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once
 more.

- 4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them,
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good !
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood :
 All my pleasures I forego ;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonement Victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart :
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove ;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

- 1 I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and his love ;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do,

CHO.—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams ;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me ;
 And that is just the reason,
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet ;
 I love to tell the Story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

- 4 I love to tell the Story !
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest ;
 And when in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

112 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

- 1 I am coming to the cross ;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
 Blest Lamb of Calvary ;
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within ;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
 “I will cleanse you from all sin.”

- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
 Soul and body, Thine to be,—
 Wholly thine forevermore.

- 4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied ;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
 Perfected in Him I am ;
 I am every whit made whole ;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

113 GOD BE WITH YOU.

Epworth No. 26.

- 1 God be with you till we meet again ;
 By his counsels, guide, uphold you,
 With his sheep securely fold you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet ;
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
 'Neath his wings securely hide you ;
 Daily manna still divide you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again.
 When life's perils thick confound you ;
 Put his arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;
 Smite death's threatening wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

114 OH, THINK OF THE HOME OVER THERE.

G. H. & S. Songs, page 90.

- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.
- CHO.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.
- CHO.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there.
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest ;
 Then away from my sorrow and care
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see ;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

115

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

Epworth, No. 184.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on his gentle breast,
 There by his love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on his gentle breast,
 There by his love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears ;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears !

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me ;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er ;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.

116

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

Epworth, No. 155.

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
 When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll ;
 Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should
come,

Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—

My sin— not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul !

4 And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be
sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,

“ Even so ”—it is well with my soul.

117

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHO.—I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee ;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine indeed.
Thou blessed Son.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,
- 2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demand my soul, my life, my all.



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